

Albright

A SONG OF THE NORTH FRONTIER

Sing me a song of the open spaces,
The broad, white plains and the hardy races,
With buoyant hopes and with strong-set faces,
Peopling this Northern Land.

Sing me a song of her fertile acres,
Whose breadstuffs gladden the world's best bakers;
A tribute of praise to the brave home makers,
Holding the last frontier.

Sing me a song of her mountain rivers,
Whose cutbanks yawn where the aspen quivers.
They rise in the hills where the avalanche shivers--
Thousand-league tides to the sea.

Sing me a song of her vast resources,
Of mines exposed where the river courses--
Petroleum, coal and hydraulic forces,
Gifts of the ages past.

Sing me a song of the pluck and daring
Of pioneers o'er the long trails faring.
For theirs is the breed that defies despairing--
Shock troupes of the North Frontier!

--W.D. Albright.

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